

# I'll Put You On

Bluejuice

There's a song  
For the girl that I can't fuck  
Give me your name and number, baby  
After all, you're bad luck  
When it's morning in New York  
And it's evening in L.A  
I know it's sad you get so lonely, baby  
You can't find the words to say

You can call me up  
I'll put you on  
Give me your name and number, baby  
I'll reach your phone

When I'm lying in my room  
And your body appearing on my radio  
Well I know you saw the future, baby  
I've got to get it through to you

You can call me up  
I'll put you on  
Give me your name and number, baby  
I'll reach your phone

And I know this song for the girl that I can't fuck  
And I know this song, after all, you're bad luck  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'll put you on  
I'll reach your phone  
I'll reach your phone

When I'm staring at my roof  
And your body appearing on my radio  
When I'm thinking, oh, can you?  
Well, I guess that's the way these things go